

like two rebels without a cause by drippingcandie

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: High School, Kinda, M/M, Moving On, Senior year, Soft Boyfriends Being Soft, Song fic, based on the song Heads Carolina Tails California

Language: English

Characters: Joyce Byers, Richie Tozier, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-03

Updated: 2018-01-03

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:13:17

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,826

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

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It lands.

like two rebels without a cause

"You got a quarter?"

Richie looked up from his wallet, which he had been looking through for the past three minutes. He looks a little sheepish as he pushes his glasses on his nose and looks across the table at his boyfriend.

Will had just sat down only moments before, lunch tin in hand. Ever since he had started sitting with Richie freshmen year, tackling the lunch room had been easier. It seemed that schedules worked against him and none of the Party members ever had his lunch. Not in four years.

Will pulls out his own wallet, sticking in his fingers to fish out a quarter. Richie didn't ask him for change often. It's one of the things he constantly had in his pocket along with gum wrappers and rubber bands, but sometimes he was short on change to get something from the vending machine.

"Buy yourself something nice." He says, but it's not as jovial as it would usually be.

The whole atmosphere of their small lunch table seemed somber today, even on Richie's end. Will wants to ask him if he's okay, but he knows it would come out too snippy.

Richie takes the quarter but doesn't make a move to get up.

"Chee, wha-"

"I don't need it to spend, I'm gonna flip it." He says after taking a bite of his turkey and cheese sandwich. Will almost chastises him for not chewing with his mouth closed.

"So you can decide how to spend it?" The corner of Will's mouth quirks up.

"Heads, Carolina." Richie shows his boyfriend the side that is adorned with George Washington's face. He flips it over in his hand. "Tails, California."

"For what exactly?"

Richie grins at him. "It's somewhere greener or somewhere warmer. Unless you have a preference?"

What was he even talking about. "We just can't up and leave." Will says, opening his fruit cup.

"Well, I thought about Boston. I've got people there. And you've got that uncle in Des Moines. But then I thought that you'd want somewhere warmer." Richie picks at the crust of his sandwich, although he doesn't seem sheepish.

"Chee, when?" Will interrupts, trying to get him to at least answer one question.

"After we graduate. My truck will go four hundred miles before we stop for gas. And we could get a U-Haul. I've got enough saved up, I think."

"We have school," Will says, chewing on his peaches. "And we can't just up and leave."

Richie had always been very spontaneous. It was something that Will really loved about him, but he doesn't know about this. Maybe it's a joke. Just something to get Will riled up a bit.

"And I know you aren't really a fan of my truck anyway." Richie says, the pace of his speech picking up. "So I looked into Greyhound buses too. We could do that."

Will actually considers it for a moment. He hates, absolutely hates the idea of staying at this highschool for his last semester. They don't allow people to graduate early anymore. The district gets money every day their butt is planted in a seat.

And running away with Richie would be good. Better than good. Great. Richie and him were in it for the long haul, Richie had explicitly said it multiple times.

They could get away from school and the people that hated him, that

hated them. They could go somewhere where people were more understanding and accepting. He would be able to hold Richie's hand in public, and he can even see dragging Richie to some city thing like a farmer's market.

But there are other things too.

He can't just leave his mom in Hawkins. Jonathan had already left but that was different for a multitude of reasons, but mostly because he was going to school. Will, even though he had big talk junior year about going to art school, hadn't even applied to any colleges this year. And most of their deadlines had already passed. He was probably going to take a year break or go to community college, but even the thought of it left a bitter taste in his mouth.

He also couldn't leave the party, although this was only half a point. If he left with Richie, the rest of the party would only be around for a few more months before they went their separate ways, except Jane.

"I can hear you thinking from here." Richie says, opening his pudding cup. The quarter sits just in front of him.

"Flip it." Will says, the words tumbling out of his mouth before he can stop them.

Richie pulls the top of his pudding cup away from his face, obviously going to lick the pudding away before eating the rest of it. "What?" He said it as if he hadn't been the one to come up with the plan in the first place.

“You heard me.” Will stubbornly huffs, not touching his own lunch. “And if you don’t do it, then I will.”

Richie raises his eyebrows at that, as if to dare him to do so. A big cheshire grin spreads over his face as he goes back to licking the lid of his pudding cup.

“Fine.” Will grumbles as he snatches the quarter from the middle of the table.

It feels heavier than a normal quarter, but maybe it’s the weight of decision that is really make him think about it at all. He scrutinizes the coin, flipping it over in his hand a few times. The date on it reads 1957. There’s dirt outlining the engraving of Washington.

“The honor is yours, whenever you’re ready Willy Wonka.”

Will shoots him a mock glare before spinning the quarter so it sits atop his pointer finger. Heads Carolina, tails California. Two outcomes. He chews on his lower lip a bit. Just flicking his thumb, that’s all it will take.

“But preferably before the bell.” Richie amends, kicking Will lightly under the table and effectively knocking his boyfriend out of his trance.

“Okay.” Will takes one last look at the quarter before flicking his thumb up. He watches as it sails through the air in front of the both

of them. He's sure time was slowing.

It lands.

“Will!”

Richie is calling to him from the car outside. Will had just run in to make a last look around, especially in his room, even though he knew all of his belongings were gone. He turned around, having not even made it to the front door.

There Richie was, standing in front of the open bed of his truck. He was bundled up for once in a puff coat and ugly hat that he had probably bought from the thrift store, which Will had explicitly told him not to do. The back hair spilling from the hat framed his pale face, and his nose was bright red from the February cold.

They had decided to skip the whole graduating thing and leave in a month. They still had their credits, they could transfer easy. Or, that's what Richie said at least. He had done the whole moving thing before.

“Was that the last bag?” He has his mitten clad hands creating a megashift megaphone around his mouth, which was unneeded because he was loud enough without it.

Will looks back over his shoulder at the house that stood before him.

The porch had always been a little squeaky and too open since they couldn't afford any outdoor furniture. No one could see it anyway from the long gravel road that led out onto the main one. The shutter were always a little crooked and the paint on the siding was fading.

Home.

His mother is standing in the window, arms crossed while chewing on her thumb. Like she does when she's worried.

"Just a minute Chee!"

He bounds back up the stairs and flings open the front door, running to the kitchen. He was fully aware that he was probably letting out all the warm air, but that wasn't exactly the most important thing on his mind right now.

"Mom!" He barrels into her, wrapping her into a hug.

He's not as small as he used to be, so she stumbles a bit, but she lets out a laugh. It sounds watery as if she had been crying so Will just hugs her tighter.

“You be careful, honey.” She says, and her eyes seem a little sadder and her hair seems a little grayer. She ruffles Will’s hair, which is no longer in a bowl cut. “You call me as soon as you get there, and at any payphone you see on the way. You hear me?”

Will has his mother in a deathgrip practically. “Yeah, I hear you.” He murmurs. She smells like vanilla and cigarette smoke. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” She says, hiccuping and pushing him away a bit so she can get one last look at him.

Both of them have tears in their eyes.

“Mom, I gotta go, y’know. Richie,” He hiccups a little bit and wipes away a stray tear. “He’s keeping the car warm.”

“Yeah, honey. I know.” She whispers, hugging him one last time and ruffling his hair. “Don’t go forgetting about me now.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” He smiles, the tugging on the corner of his lips feelings bittersweet. “I love you, mom.”

“Love you too.” She presses a kiss to his forehead.

It’s hard to pull away from his own mother, but eventually he does and heads back out the front door. This time he makes sure it is shut firmly behind him before bounding down the steps and seeing

Richie's beat up old truck.

This was goodbye to Hawkins, Will thought. And he was glad. There were good memories there, of course. Richie had always told him that it wasn't about running away, it was about running towards something. When Will had gone to say that his boyfriend should have the title of wise, Richie had claimed it was a childhood friend named Beverly who had said it. She was in Chicago now last he had heard.

Goodbye Hawkins , Will thought as made his way to the cab of the truck. Richie was already inside and taking off his gloves. *Time to run towards something.*

Richie grins at him when he opens the passenger door and climbs in. "Sayin' goodbye to the old Mrs. B?"

"She's not that old, jackass." Will says, feigning anger as he pushes Richie's shoulder. He figures there will be less mom jokes now that his mom wouldn't even be around.

"Ready to head towards our destination, William?" Richie said, ignoring him and putting the car into reverse to go down the long drive.

"Tails? Right?" Will smiles and gets comfortable in his seat. Richie leans over and links their hands together.

"Tails California." He confirms.

Will figures the coin toss wasn't such a bad idea.

Author's Note:

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